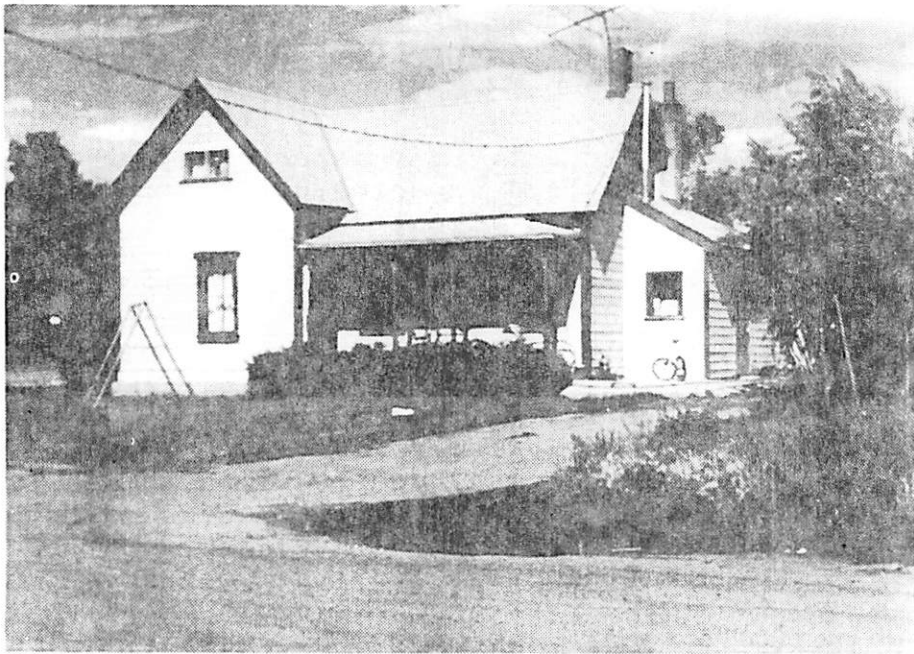


were dulled by old age and ill health, her arms were ready to hold a child with an earache or a heartache.

On her deathbed, two of her small great granddaughters were visiting, and while the granddaughter took a turn caring for Mama, she heard the little voices in the kitchen and asked, "Whose children are they? Bring them in here." "But we thought they might disturb you." "Never, never. It is always so good to hear the young ones play. Please don't keep them from me."

To Mama, life was a gift filled with people she loved, worked for, gave to, protected, and encouraged--most of all encouraged. If you were a relative or friend of Catherine Campbell Murdoch Hicken's, you were wonderful, accomplished, beloved, and welcomed. And because of this, Mama Kate didn't really die in 1945 at the age of eighty. She just slipped into another room, from where she calls out to us, "Oh, my, you are doing just fine. I'm so proud of you, and I can hardly wait until you can find the time to come and stay awhile with me. Our door is never locked; if we're not here when you come, just come right in and make yourself at home. I've just gone out to chop that rooster's head off so we can have chicken and dumplings for dinner!"

(This profile of Catherine Campbell Murdoch Hicken was written by her granddaughter, Rodello Hicken Hunter Calkins.) Copyright 1979 by Rodello Hunter.)



"House of Many Rooms." Hicken Home--Heber, Utah.

*Rodello Hicken
Hunter Calkins*